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WARHAMMER
MONTHLY
Starting this issue!
DAEMONIFUGE
Ephrael Stern, sister of battle
Plus!
The CURSE of DUBOIS
The dead await us
BLOODQUEST
The spaceship graveyard
TITAN
Gargant attack!
TM

WARHAMMER MONTHLY

Ah, the foul pleasures that Chaos brings! I feel the nefarious influence of *my* foul *masters* pervading the very essence of humanity. It gnaws at the souls of the naive and the gullible, whispering seductive promises wrought of deceit and fear. Mmmm... But what's this? I feel the presence of another, a hateful blinding light amidst the impenetrable blackness of the void. Ephrael Stern, Sister of Battle? Daughter born of purity? How the smell of innocence fills *my* tainted mind with deliciously wicked thoughts. I can hear *my masters* calling... Oh yes, what a worthy addition to the living embrace of Chaos she will be.

By the Emperor! *Be silent, wretched cur, lap-dog of Chaos. Ephrael Stern is a faithful servant of the Emperor, not some plaything for your foul masters! You are not fit to share the same pages as this most perfect, pure, wondrous and.. erm, well, this... splendid... warrior of the Imperium. Mmm, and I bet she's really good at fighting as well, especially hand-to-hand, and... ahem, anyway... this noble Sister of Battle could certainly vanquish you upon the field of battle, coward that you are, just like every other snivelling follower of corruption. Yes indeed, leaving you lying squirming in the dust like a worm. For just like brave Captain Leonatos, Princeps Hekate and those courageous Dubois brothers, Ephrael Stern is a true servant of our most beloved Emperor, whose loyal forces will scour the galaxy tirelessly until that glorious day when it is cleansed of your masters' filthy touch.*

DAEMONIFUGE

For four years Ephrael Stern has been in a trance, scribbling bizarre prophecies on her cell walls. But now she has attracted the attention of the forces of Chaos...

TITAN

His commanding officer is furious that Hekate has assumed command of the Titan Imperius Dictatio – but an Ork surprise attack is a far more pressing diversion!

THE CURSE OF DUBOIS

The house of Dubois is cursed. Only a foolhardy quest to the depths of the Land of the Dead will set Alain and Morlan Dubois free of its evil sway...

BLOODQUEST

Leonatos and his Blood Angel crew break their quest for the lost sword of Belarius to investigate a sinister spaceship graveyard.

Next month!

The Curse of Dubois returns to Bretonnia!

Only in issue 5 of Warhammer Monthly. All action, every month!

GAMES WORKSHOP

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DAEMONIFUGE

SCRIPT JIM CAMPBELL & KIV WALKER ART KIV WALKER LETTERS FIONA STEVENSON

"I NEVER DREAMT THAT MY LIFE WOULD END LIKE *THIS*
"I THINK I'D *LAUGH* ... IF MY LUNGS WEREN'T FULL OF *BLOOD*
"*EVERYONE* DIES – THE EMPEROR HIMSELF STANDS ASTRIDE THE THRESHOLD OF LIFE AND DEATH
"I DO NOT *FEAR* THE ENDING OF THIS LIFE. FOR WE HAVE ALWAYS BELIEVED THAT DEATH IS SIMPLY ANOTHER *BEGINNING* – AN *ENTRANCE* TO A NEW EXISTENCE
"THE FEAR OF DEATH IS BUT THE FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN AND I HAVE GAZED INTO THE *ABYSS* SO MANY TIMES THAT THIS TRANSITION CAUSES NO REAL PAIN. I AM OVERFLOWING WITH *DARKNESS* AND STEP TOWARDS THIS HORIZON WITH GREATER *HOPE* THAN THE ONE I LEAVE BEHIND.
"I HAVE NO MEMORY OF *CHILDHOOD*. NOT ONE OF GROWING. NOT ONE OF LEARNING. I RECALL ONLY ENTERING THIS WORLD FULLY-FORMED. STEEPED IN THE *BLOOD* OF MY *SISTERS*, THE SCREAMING OF HUMAN SOULS AND THE VIBRANT ROAR OF *CHAOS*
"IT BEGAN IN *MADNESS*. AND IN *PAIN*."

CONVENT PRIORIS, TERRA
" HOW MUCH LONGER, PRIORESS ? OUR ORDER IS SHAMED - "
" QUIET, SISTER. YOU NEED NOT REMIND ME OF OUR VOWS "
" BUT FOUR YEARS ? ALL THIS TIME SHE HAS UTTERED HERESIES AND DEFILED THE VERY WALLS OF OUR CONVENT WITH HER BLASPHEMIES ! THERE IS TALK. "
I AM AWARE OF THE RUMOURS...
BUT WHATEVER YOUR FEARS, WE HAVE NO EVIDENCE OF HER CORRUPTION - WE KNOW ALMOST NOTHING OF WHAT HAS BEFALLEN HER...
AND I WILL NOT TOLERATE ANY MORE IDLE SPECULATION ON HER NATURE I AM PROMISED THAT AN INQUISITOR IS FINALLY EN ROUTE TO ASSESS HER.
BE CONTENT THAT SHE IS HELD SECURELY WHERE SHE CAN DO NO HARM.
" ... AND WHERE NO HARM CAN COME TO HER. "
the Skins of the Fathers shall be handed down unto the Seventh Generation...
REC...

... red is the Eye that shall open, black is the Sky where it burns ...
THAT WITCH MAKES MY SKIN CRAWL - THE WAY SHE LOOKS RIGHT THROUGH YOU .
I HATE CLEANING UP AFTER HER ... SHE MAKES ME FEEL SICK
IT IS THE STENCH OF CHAOS - IT SICKENS US ALL , SISTER .
IT IS WRITTEN - WHERE CHAOS LIES, OURS IS THE HAND THAT MUST STRIKE ...
FOR THE WAY OF CHAOS IS DEATH
AND I'M NOT PREPARED TO WAIT FOR THE INQUISITION ANY LONGER .
OH MY ...
... all is chaos and unreason ... the absence of faith ...

THE ABSENCE OF FAITH IS THE MARK OF DAMNATION
KRAK
KRUNCH
THERE IS CHAOS HERE THE HAND OF SLAANESH
BURN EVERYTHING

" HAIL, SISTER. YOUR TROUBLES ARE ENDED - "
INQUISITOR HAND, WE HAVE BEEN AWAITING YOUR ARRIVAL MOST EAGERLY. PERHAPS WE MIGHT SHOW YOU THE CONVENT SANCTORUM BEFORE YOUR WORK BEGINS ?
THE INQUISITION IS ARRIVED.
INQUISITOR HAND HAS NO TIME FOR SUCH PLEASANTRIES CHAOS IS ABROAD WITHIN YOUR HOLY WALLS - IT MUST BE DESTROYED !
CANONESS RAMIENTES, YOU HAVE MY APOLOGIES FOR ANY BREACH OF CONVENT PROTOCOL.
YOU ARE IN THE CONVENT PRIORIS NOW, INQUISITOR. WITHIN THESE WALLS YOU HAVE NO AUTHORITY.
BUT THIS PLACE IS INFECTED BY CHAOS' TAINT.
- AND WHERE SUCH INFECTION LIES, I HAVE ALL THE AUTHORITY I NEED.
MY APOLOGIES, INQUISITOR.
I MUST EXAMINE THE REMAINS OF THE DAEMON, AND ITS SORORITAS HOST.
YES, OF COURSE. WHATEVER YOU WISH.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU HOPE TO FIND
THE NATURE OF CHAOS IS DECEIT - UNLESS ONE LOOKS PAST SURFACE IMPRESSIONS, ONE CAN NEVER HOPE TO DIVINE THE PURPOSE OF THE ENEMY.
SIR ? I THINK YOU SHOULD SEE THIS
THE MARK OF SLAANESH .. AS THE WITCH SAID
AND WE ALSO FOUND THIS ON THE CADAVER
A TOKEN OF FORBIDDEN AFFECTION PERHAPS?
THAT IS THE NATURE OF SLAANESH - TEMPTATION AND SEDUCTION PLEASURE AND PERVERSION
THERE WILL BE OTHERS
MANY ARE THE FACES OF THE ENEMY, AND MANY ARE THE HANDS WHICH DO ITS WORK
I TRUST NO-ONE AND SPARE NO EFFORT UNTIL I AM SATISFIED THAT ALL OF CHAOS' SERVANTS ARE PURGED FROM THIS PLACE
THE NAVIS NOBILITE ?

I WOULD KNOW WHAT YOU *ARE*, GIRL !
YOU ARE THE INQUISITION. I AM WHATEVER YOU *SAY* I AM.
WHAT MANNER OF CREATURE *ARE* YOU ?
BE YOU *DÆMON* HERETIC OR *SAINT* ? I WOULD HAVE THE *TRUTH* !
I AM *EPHRAEL STERN*, SISTER OF BATTLE.
TO BE CONTINUED ...

TITAN
IT IS TORMENT.
IT COMES OUT OF THE BLACKNESS, A RUSHING HEADLONG PAIN THAT SWEEPS ME UP.
MY VISION DIMS, MY HEARING DULLS, I BECOME AS WEAK AS A CHILD, VULNERABLE, FLESHY...
AND THEN THE VICE OF STEEL PAIN RIPS ME APART.
HALF LIFE
SCRIPT DAN ABNETT
ART ANTHONY WILLIAMS & ANDY LANNING

AND THEN I WAKE AND FIND IT'S ALL TRUE
NOOOOO!
IT TAKES ME A WHILE TO REMEMBER WHERE I AM
THE TITAN LEGION FORWARD COMMAND DEPOT ON BALOR SECUNDUS
WE PUT IN FOR REPAIRS HERE YESTERDAY AFTER A MONTH IN THE FIELD
AND THEY... AND THEY...
...TORE MY SOUL APART.

PRINCEPS? YOU CRIED OUT
A BAD DREAM, MODERATI VOSS. WITHDRAWAL PAIN
IT IS THE SAME FOR ALL WHO LINK...WORST OF ALL FOR THE PRINCEPS, OF COURSE
ONCE YOUR MIND HAS MERGED WITH A TITAN, YOU CAN NEVER ACCLIMATISE YOURSELF TO NORMAL HUMAN PHYSICALITY AGAIN
MACABEE WARNED ME I COULD NEVER GO BACK. THAT I WOULD BE BOUND TO IMPERIUS DICTATIO FOREVER
EVERYTHING FEELS WRONG... I FEEL SMALL, WEAK, PITIFUL, IMPOTENT. I CANNOT UNDERSTAND WHY MY SENSES ARE SO INEFFICIENT.
THERE ARE DRUGS, TREATMENTS TO EASE THE WITHDRAWAL FOR THE PERIODS WHERE YOU'RE OUT OF THE LINK. BUT I DON'T RECOMMEND THEM.
YOU'LL LOSE YOUR EDGE
LOOK, I CAME TO TELL YOU THE DEPOT COMMANDER WANTS TO SEE YOU. HE'S IN THE MAIN SERVICE BAY.
COMMANDER?

I'VE REVIEWED THE REPORT, HEKATE.
THE LEGION IS TROUBLED BY THIS EVENT. YOUR PLACEMENT AS PRINCEPS WAS HIGHLY IRREGULAR.
THERE WAS LITTLE TIME TO DECIDE SIR. THE CREW JUDGED IT THE BEST CHOICE.
YOU ARE STILL A COLLEGIATE TRAINEE, HEKATE. THERE IS A SHORTLIST OF *TWENTY* FULLY TRAINED AND EXPERIENCED PRINCEPS WHO ARE ANXIOUS TO TAKE MACABEE'S PLACE.
WE'LL LET YOU KNOW THE DECISION.
YOU'RE NOT THINKING OF REMOVING *ME*? YOU *CAN'T*, SIR!
IT'S *PART* OF ME NOW! *YOU CAN'T DO THIS!*

BREEEP!BREEEP!BREEEEP!
THAT'S THE GENERAL ALARM, SIR!
HEKATE, I CAN-
WHAT IN THE NAME OF MARS?
WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!
ORKS. A SNEAK ATTACK. EXPLOITING A BLIND SPOT IN OUR EARLY WARNING CORDON AND DRIVING IN FAST.

I DON'T WAIT FOR ORDERS.
WE WILL BE CRUSHED IN MINUTES UNLESS WE RESPOND IN KIND
I CLAMBER UP THE GANTRY AND THROUGH THE MAIN HATCH. I CAN HEAR THE OTHER CREW MEMBERS CLATTERING ABOARD BEHIND ME
SINCE I BROKE THE LINK IT HAS BEEN *CALLING* TO ME. HOWLING *DEEP* INSIDE MY MIND.
ONLY NOW DO I STOP RESISTING THAT SUMMONS. I REACH OUT FOR THE LINK SO THAT THE PAIN WILL GO AWAY.
I AM MADE *WHOLE* AGAIN
I AM IMPERIUS DICTATIO!
TO BE CONTINUED...

THE BROTHERS MORLAN AND ALAIN ARE THE LAST IN THE DUBOIS LINE. TWO SUCH OPPOSITES CAN RARELY BE FOUND.
SELL THE TREASURE, ALAIN! DAMN THE CURSE!
NO-ONE WILL TOUCH IT, YOU KNOW THAT! NOT UNTIL A BODY LIES IN THE TOMB!
CASTLE DUBOIS ON THE BANKS OF THE BRIENNE. ONCE A POWERFUL FORCE IN BRETONNIA SOME SAY A CURSE IS UPON THE HOUSE OF DUBOIS.
The Curse of Dubois
SCRIPT LOGAN LUBERA & ANDY JONES • PENCILS LOGAN LUBERA
INKS CRAIG YEUNG • LETTERS DAVID PUSH
IT IS SAID THAT UNTIL THE EMPTY TOMB IS FILLED BY ONE OF THE FAMILY LINE, THEN ALL THE TREASURE GAINED DURING THAT HISTORIC CRUSADE TO THE LANDS OF KHEMRI IS CURSED.
KHEMRI, LAND OF THE DEAD. THE FAMILY DUBOIS KNOW WELL TO HEED THAT CURSE.

SOMETIME LATER...
ALAIN, ALAIN, YOU EVER WERE A DREAMER!
I WILL DO IT! THE TOMB WILL BE FILLED!
I WOULD GO TO THE GATES OF HELL TO RECLAIM OUR ANCESTOR, OUR HONOUR AND OUR NAME.
AND JUST HOW DO YOU PLAN TO DO THAT, BROTHER. HOW DO YOU PLAN TO RAISE THE MONEY FOR SUCH AN EXPEDITION?
I ALREADY HAVE! I HAVE SOLD OUR LAST LANDS NEAR QUENELLES!
FOOL! THE WINES FROM THOSE LANDS ARE ALL THAT PROVIDE OUR PALTRY LIVING HERE!
NOW WE HAVE TO RECOVER THE BODY. THEN WE CAN SELL THE PLUNDER AND LIVE LIKE KINGS!
VERY WELL, MY BRAVE, IMPULSIVE BROTHER. YOU WILL NEED MY MAGICAL SKILLS?
I AM COUNTING ON THEM! WE SAIL IN A WEEK.

THREE SMALL SHIPS WERE ALL THEY COULD MUSTER. ALAIN OF DUBOIS HAD COMMITTED EVERYTHING TO ONE FINAL THROW OF THE DICE.
THE LANDS OF THE DEAD, EH? SO BE IT. I WILL GO ON CONDITION THAT I GET TO CHOOSE AND KEEP ONE PIECE OF TREASURE FOR MY OWN... AGREED?
VERY WELL.
WE WILL BE READY TO SAIL WITH THE TIDE, MY LORDS.
GOOD!
DO YOU HAVE THE MAP, BROTHER?
I HAVE IT, NEVER FEAR.
BUT WHERE EXACTLY DO WE HEAD FOR, ALAIN?
N
NE
I HAVE NO FEAR...
...OUR QUEST IS JUST...
...THE SPIRIT OF OUR LADY WILL GUIDE US.

GODS, BUT THIS HEAT IS OPPRESSIVE!
I CAN SEE NO PROFIT IN THIS FOOL'S ERRAND YET...
THEN WE HAD BEST MAKE A START. JUPAIN, TAKE YOUR KNIGHTS ERRANT AND INVESTIGATE THE RUINS DUE SOUTH. MONTRAINE THE EAST.
ARE YOU ALL WITH ME?!
YES, MY LORD!
AYE, BROTHER... BUT DO NOT FORGET OUR BARGAIN.

AND SO THEY CROSSED THE BURNING SAND SEA, IN SEARCH OF THE CITY OF DEATH.
THERE! I CAN SEE IT. THIS ONE, SURELY, IS NOT A MIRAGE!
WHERE NEXT, ALAIN? WE SHOULD NOT LINGER HERE. IT REEKS OF DECAY!
HAVE COURAGE! THE MAP HAS LED US TRUE SO FAR. OUR GOAL IS SO NEAR.
SEE THE BODIES! THE LIVERY OF DUBOIS! THIS IS THE PLACE. THE STENCH OF DEATH IS STRONG. TOUCH NOTHING!
BUT THAT DAGGER... THE GEMS...
TOUCH NOTHING! OUR ANCESTOR'S BODY MAY LIE WITHIN THIS PLACE
AND I WILL LET NOTHING STOP US TAKING HIM BACK TO OUR ANCESTRAL CRYPT.
SUPERSTITIOUS FOOL! I WILL HAVE THIS MAGICAL BLADE.

DARK FORCES STIR - I SENSE THEM MOVING EVER NEARER.
LET THEM COME. MY BLADE WELCOMES THEM ALL!
RSSSSHH!
SHUNK!
AMBUSH! AAAARGH!
I SUMMON FIRE!
SSLOOOSH!
FOR DUBOIS AND BRETONNIA!!
URRRGH!
SHLOKK!
EKRUSH!
NO!
HUURSSSSHH!
BY THE GRAIL AND BY MY HAND - DIE!!
KRAKUU!
GODS, BUT I HOPE JUPAIN AND MONTRAIN ARE FARING BETTER!
SHOOOMF!
WITH LUCK, THEY WILL HAVE AT LEAST CAPTURED TREASURE ENOUGH TO PAY FOR THIS MADNESS!

WE MUST BE CLOSE! THESE DAMNED TUNNELS CANNOT GO MUCH DEEPER!
CAUTION, MY LORD, THERE ARE BUT A FEW OF US LEFT!
SHU-PHUTT!
TO HELL WITH CAUTION, OUR QUEST IS ALL!
KLIK!!
MY LORD!
WHA-?
UUURGH!
HELL'S TEETH!
MORTALSSS DIE!
UNH!
ALAIN YOU FOOL SHIELD YOURSELF!

AEEEEIGH!
FIREBALL!
FWOOSH!
GILLES IS DEAD! AND SO NEAR THE QUEST'S END.
IMPETUOUS IDIOT! WE COULD ALL BE DEAD!
YOU STOLE THE DAGGER, MORLAN- ALL I WANT IS TO RETRIEVE WHAT IS OURS!
TO WHAT PURPOSE, BROTHER? HONOUR? ADMIT IT- YOU WANT THE TREASURE AS MUCH AS I!
DDDD

OF COURSE I WANT THE TREASURE! BUT IT IS NOT THE ONLY THING THAT HAS BROUGHT ME HERE, NOR THE MOST IMPORTANT! I...
CEASE YOUR PRATTLING! IS THIS IT?!
BY THE GRAIL, WE ARE AT OUR QUEST'S END, OUR ANCESTOR'S TOMB!
OF COURSE, FOOL, NOW HELP ME GET IT OPENED...
...I WOULD SEE WHAT LIES WITHIN ... AAAH A CROWN!
YOU WOULD NOT DEFILE HIS BODY?
REJOICE, BROTHER, VICTORY IS OURS!
HA, SO YOU SAY. ALL WE HAVE TO DO NOW IS DRAG THE WRETCHED HUSK BACK TO BRETONNIA!
TO BE CONTINUED...

BLOODQUEST

"DEAD CALM" SCRIPT: GORDON RENNIE ART: COLIN MACNEIL LETTERS: TONY LUKE

FROM THE JOURNAL OF BROTHER-CAPTAIN LEONATOS III

IT HAS BEEN SEVERAL WEEKS SINCE WE LEARNED OF THE POSSIBLE LOCATION OF THE ORK WARFLEET OF GARSHÛL THE DESTROYER EN ROUTE TO THE TARSIS SYSTEM WE WERE BLOWN OFF-COURSE BY A WARP STORM ...

... AN EVENT WHICH HAS EVENTUALLY CARRIED US TO THIS DEAD REGION OF SPACE ONE OF THE LEGENDARY SPACESHIPS' GRAVEYARDS FULL OF THE HULKS OF ANCIENT VESSELS CARRIED HERE BY THE MYSTERIOUS CURRENTS OF THE WARP

TRAPPED HERE UNTIL THE EYE OF THE STORM PASSES OVER, THE DELAY HAS ONLY ADDED TO MY BROTHERS IMPATIENCE TO COMPLETE OUR QUEST AND REJOIN OUR CHAPTER ONCE MORE

TO TEMPER THEIR ANGER, I HAVE SANCTIONED AN EXPEDITION TO INVESTIGATE THE SECRETS OF THIS GHOSTLY PLACE

OUR CHOSEN TARGET AN ANCIENT COLONY SHIP FROM TERRA DATING FROM BEFORE THE GREAT CRUSADE

THE RISKS ARE GREAT - IF WE DO NOT RETURN TO THE *EXILE* IN TIME WE MAY BE TRAPPED HERE FOREVER - BUT THE POSSIBLE REWARDS COULD BE GREATER

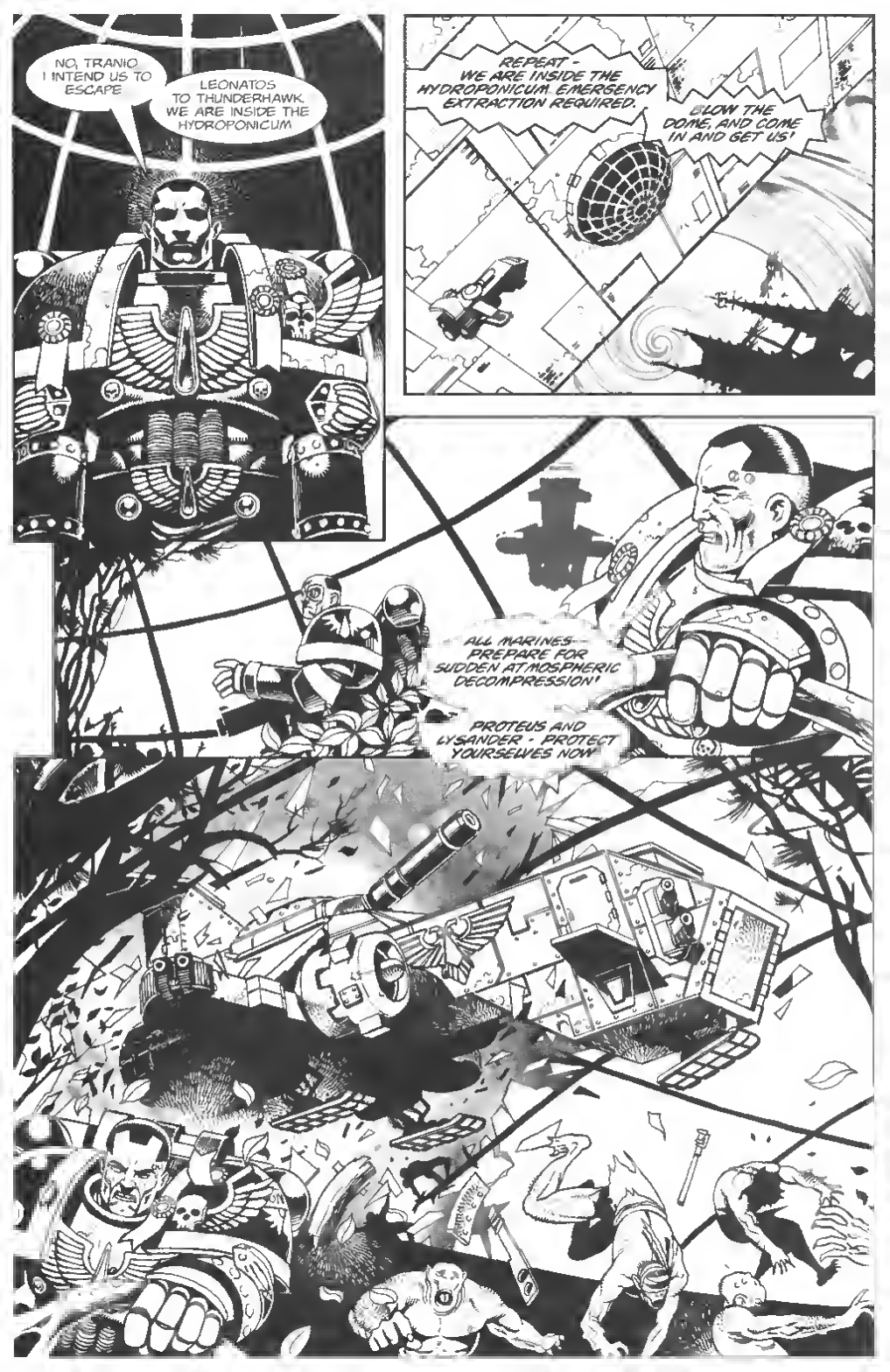
WHO KNOWS WHAT PRIZES IT MAY CONTAIN, HELD HERE IN STASIS SINCE THE DARK AGE OF TECHNOLOGY?
LEONATOS TO EXILE WE ARE ABOARD THE VESSEL. WE WILL RENDEZVOUS WITH THUNDERHAWK SHUTTLE AT THE MAIN DOCKING BAY WHEN OUR EXPLORATION IS COMPLETE.
BROTHER VALERIUS YOUR REPORT!
ATMOSPHERIC INTEGRITY IS INTACT BROTHER-CAPTAIN POWER SYSTEMS ARE WEAK BUT ACTIVE
I'M PICKING UP STRONG LIFE READINGS FROM DEEPER INSIDE THE VESSEL
LIFE READINGS? AFTER TEN THOUSAND YEARS IN THE WARP WHAT MANNER OF LIFE COULD STILL SURVIVE HERE?
COME MY BROTHERS.

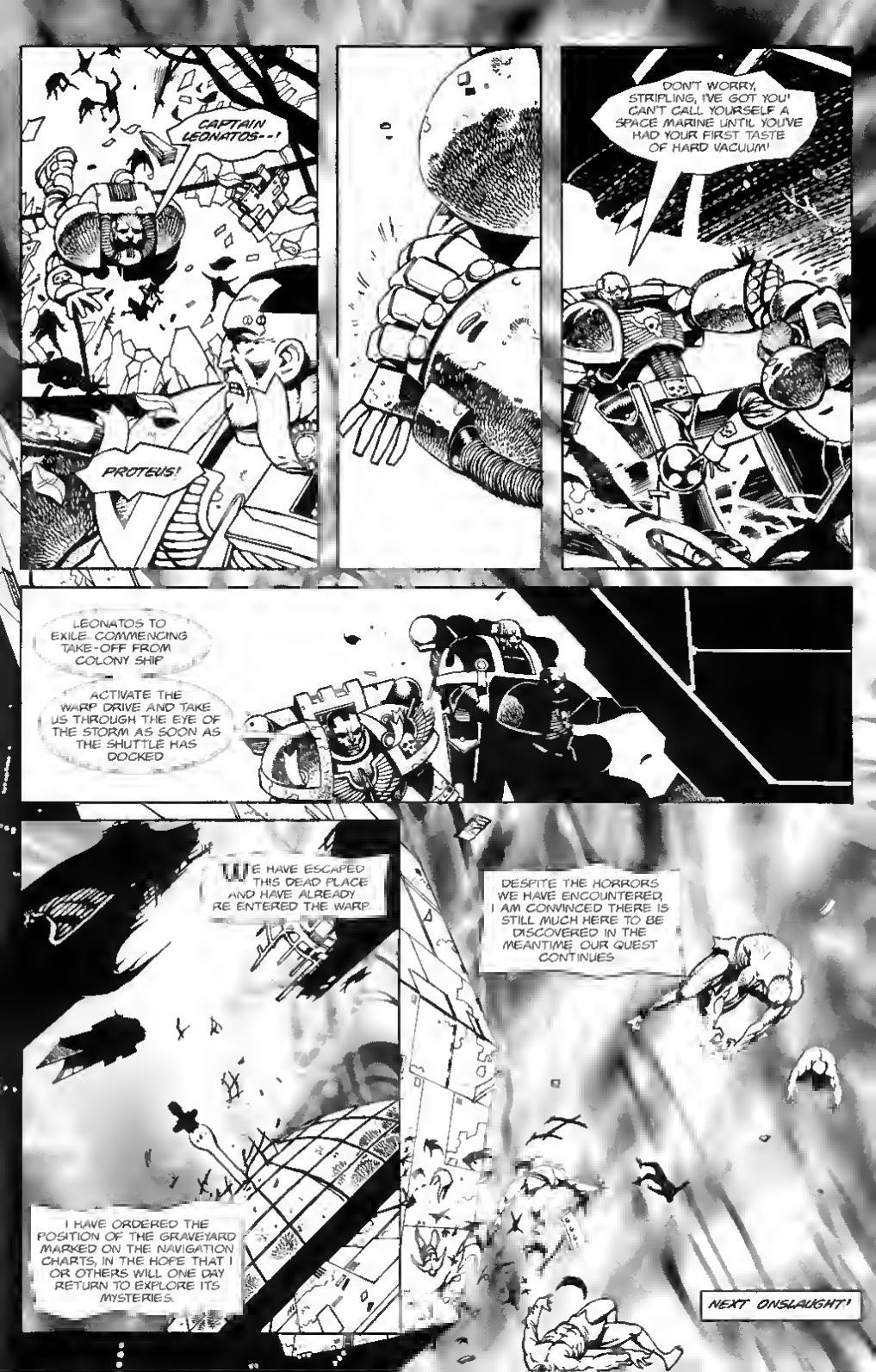
WHATEVER SECRETS THIS VESSEL HOLDS, THE ANSWERS LIE STILL FURTHER WITHIN
CONTROLS DO NOT RESPOND, BROTHER CAPTAIN. THE WAY AHEAD IS BLOCKED
BROTHER CLOTEN – OPEN IT!
RAAA-AAAGH!
SOMETHING IS WRONG HERE, MY LORD. THE DOOR IT SHATTERED LIKE GLASS UNDER CLOTEN'S BLOW.
SEE IT TURNS TO DUST IN MY HANDS!
SANGUINIUS BLOOD! HOW LONG HAS THIS VESSEL BEEN TRAPPED IN THE WARP, AND WHAT CHANGES HAVE BEEN WROUGHT ON ANYTHING STILL LIVING ON IT?
LIEGE CAPTAIN LEONATOS! SERGEANT TRANIO! YOUR ATTENTION--!

THEY'RE EVERYWHERE!
THIS VESSEL IS A MASS GRAVE THERE IS NOTHING HERE BUT THE ANCIENT BONES OF ITS DEAD CREW!
HUMAN?
PERHAPS ONCE, BUT NOT NOW
YOU WERE RIGHT, TRANIO. EVERYTHING HERE IS CORRUPT. THE FORCES OF THE WARP HAVE ALTERED THE VERY SUBSTANCE OF REALITY!
ALL MARINES - TAKE UP DEFENSIVE POSITIONS!
BROTHER VALERIUS - IMMEDIATE BIO-SCAN!
MULTIPLE LIFE SIGNALS, APPROACHING FROM ALL DIRECTIONS!
THEY'RE ALL AROUND US, BROTHER CAPTAIN! WE ARE TRAPPED!
MUTANTS!
THE DESCENDENTS OF THE VESSEL'S CREW ALTERED BY EXPOSURE TO THE EFFECTS OF THE MAELSTROM!

WE HAVE BEEN TOO LONG IN THE WARP, MY BROTHERS. IT IS GOOD TO FACE THE ENEMIES OF THE EMPEROR AGAIN!
CUT A PATH THROUGH THEM. KILL ALL THAT STANDS BETWEEN US AND OUR RENDEZVOUS POINT!
...COMMANDER, THE EYE OF THE STORM IS OPENING UP. IMPERATIVE YOU RETURN TO THE EXILE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!
LEONATOS
THERE'S TOO MANY OF THEM, MY LORD! WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT TO THE SHUTTLE IN TIME!
TOO MUCH INTERFERENCE FROM THE WARP-STORM TO RISK TELEPORTING OUT.
WE MUST FIND ANOTHER MEANS OF ESCAPE
LEONATOS TO THUNDERHAWK: COMMENCE TAKE OFF. ASSUME STAND-BY POSITION AND AWAIT FURTHER ORDERS.
FALL BACK! VALERIUS - SEAL THIS HATCHWAY
CLOTEN AND PALEMON COVER HIM!

HURRY, VALERIUS!
THE CONTROLS ARE DAMAGED THE DOOR CAN ONLY BE SEALED FROM ONE SIDE...
GO, MY BATTLE BROTHERS! I WILL HOLD THEM AS LONG AS I CAN!
VALERIUS... NO--!
LEAVE HIM, BROTHER PALEMON--
"SACRIFICE HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE WAY OF OUR CHAPTER PRAY, THAT WHEN THE TIME COMES, WE SHALL DIE WITH JUST AS MUCH HONOUR!"
WHERE IS BROTHER VALERIUS?
WITH THE EMPEROR HE DIED AS A BLOOD ANGEL SHOULD, BROTHER SERGEANT.
MORE MUTANTS! THEY MUST HAVE FOUND ANOTHER ENTRANCE!
FALL BACK! FORM A REARGUARD AND RETREAT UP HERE!
A HYDROPONICUM! DO YOU INTEND US TO MAKE A LAST STAND HERE, MY LORD?


NO, TRANIO. I INTEND US TO ESCAPE
LEONATOS TO THUNDERHAWK. WE ARE INSIDE THE HYDROPONICUM
REPEAT - WE ARE INSIDE THE HYDROPONICUM. EMERGENCY EXTRACTION REQUIRED.
BLOW THE DOME, AND COME IN AND GET US!
ALL MARINES— PREPARE FOR SUDDEN ATMOSPHERIC DECOMPRESSION!
PROTEUS AND LYSANDER - PROTECT YOURSELVES NOW


CAPTAIN LEONATOS--!
PROTEUS!
DON'T WORRY, STRIPLING, I'VE GOT YOU! CAN'T CALL YOURSELF A SPACE MARINE UNTIL YOU'VE HAD YOUR FIRST TASTE OF HARD VACUUM!
LEONATOS TO EXILE. COMMENCING TAKE-OFF FROM COLONY SHIP
ACTIVATE THE WARP DRIVE AND TAKE US THROUGH THE EYE OF THE STORM AS SOON AS THE SHUTTLE HAS DOCKED
WE HAVE ESCAPED THIS DEAD PLACE AND HAVE ALREADY RE ENTERED THE WARP
DESPITE THE HORRORS WE HAVE ENCOUNTERED, I AM CONVINCED THERE IS STILL MUCH HERE TO BE DISCOVERED IN THE MEANTIME, OUR QUEST CONTINUES
I HAVE ORDERED THE POSITION OF THE GRAVEYARD MARKED ON THE NAVIGATION CHARTS, IN THE HOPE THAT I OR OTHERS WILL ONE DAY RETURN TO EXPLORE ITS MYSTERIES.
NEXT ONSLAUGHT!